

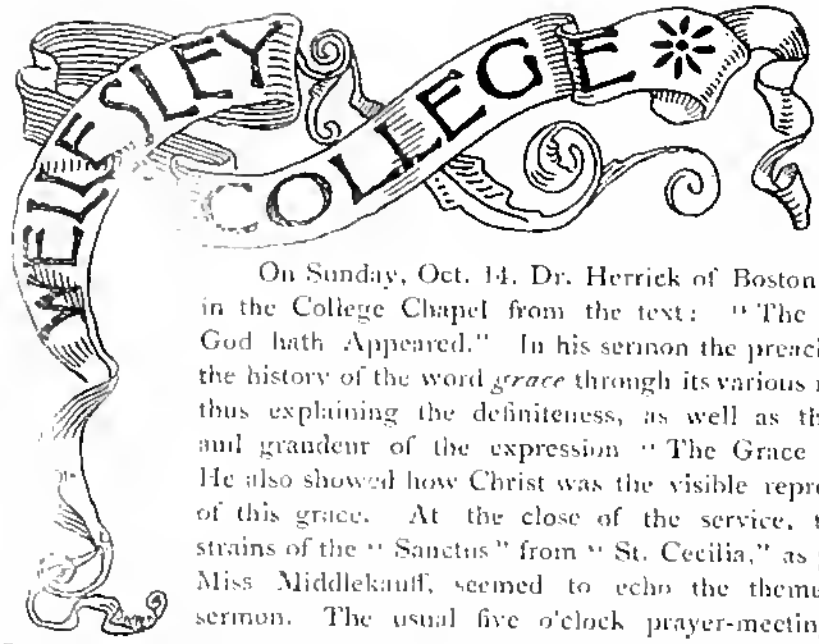
The Courant

College Edition.

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WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1888.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



On Sunday, Oct. 14, Dr. Herrick of Boston preached in the College Chapel from the text: "The Grace of God hath Appeared." In his sermon the preacher traced the history of the word *grace* through its various meanings, thus explaining the definiteness, as well as the beauty and grandeur of the expression "The Grace of God." He also showed how Christ was the visible representation of this grace. At the close of the service, the sweet strains of the "Sanctus" from "St. Cecilia," as played by Miss Middlekauff, seemed to echo the theme of the sermon. The usual five o'clock prayer-meeting in the Stone Hall parlor was led by Miss Pearsons of '89. The Chapel services in the evening were conducted by Dr. Herrick. Those who remained afterward to listen to the organ were rewarded with "Chant du Payson" by Lott.

Later in the evening, Mrs. Booth, daughter-in-law of Gen. Booth, the original promoter of the movement which has resulted in the Salvation Army, spoke to the students. Mrs. Booth, in spite of the plain, conventional costume which she wears, is intuitively recognized as a woman of much natural refinement and gentleness. Her Madonna-like face and earnest, winning manner cannot fail to gain for her, wherever she goes, a due respect. Her talk was upon the aims of the Salvation Army and the reason for their peculiar methods. Their first and chief thought is to bring the souls of the poor to Christ. In order to accomplish this, they are obliged to take for their principle, "The Adaptation of Measures," that is, to dress as the poor, live as the poor, and do as the poor, in order to win them. The success of this principle has been shown in every country where the Salvation Army have planted their banner, particularly in India, Sweden and England. A few pictures, which Mrs. Booth gave from the scenes of this army life, show plainly that it is one of labor, hardship and sacrifice. Christ's sake His soldiers are willing to bear even persecution.

The Christian Association.

The subject considered at the Thursday evening prayer-meeting of Oct. 11 was taken from Joshua 1:8: "Obedience to the will of God, a condition of prosperity and success in life," this being the general subject before the churches for the week.

Professor Hibbard's Reading.

The first in the course of Monday evening entertainments for the year, was given, on the 15th of October, in the chapel. It was provided by the Munroe Fund, which was, so short a time ago, only one of Wellesley's dreams, but which has already grown to the amount of two thousand dollars. As Professor Hibbard, of Wesleyan University, entered the chapel, he found it well filled with Wellesley's own girls; for even at the first announcement it was recognized that so many students would be interested in the reading that it would be impossible to invite friends.

Professor Hibbard had evidently not heard of the notice, for he brought with him those who were not College students. Hardly had Professor Corrier introduced the reader, when Toby Beck came "trotting" in under cover of "The Chimes." So wrapped was Toby in the chimes, that he carelessly suggested a valuable "observation for the papers," not thinking that the *Courant* has a College edition and reporters are everywhere. Toby, Meg and Richard all appeared true to life, but Alderman Cate had a genial look in his eyes which no severity could hide. The next selection was taken from "Hamlet"—the passage immediately following the soliloquy. Hamlet, Horatio and the ghost played their parts and then, with equal ease, vanished from the room. Next, Sam Lawson began in his shiftless, indirect way to tell a story. But as to whether it was really a ghost story or not, Sam Lawson himself could merely say: "Sometimes I think—and then again I don't know."

After the extract from "Oldtown Stories," Professor Hibbard gave a happy rendering of Southey's "Cataract of Lodore," and the reading which was opened by the music of "The Chimes," was ended by the sounding and resounding of "Poe's Bells." Professor Hibbard had been requested to give the "Bells," for voice effect, in which his excellence is renowned. The entire entertainment was distinguished by its tone of refinement. It was characterized, not by striking effects, but by a beautiful rendering of twice-told tales.

Class Elections.

Saturday evening, October 13, the class of '89 held their annual elections. The entire list was chosen on the first or second ballot, and the president unanimously. The officers for the Senior year are as follows: President, Miss Mary L. Bean; Vice President, Miss Alice Brewster; Recording Secretary, Miss Edith James; Corresponding Secretary, Miss May Banta; Treasurer, Miss Caroline Drew; First Historian, Miss Eleanor Gamble; Second Historian, Miss Alice Libby; Factotum, Miss Isabel Stone.

On the same evening the class of '90 held their annual class elections, but owing to the eloquence of the several orators, the logical and conclusive arguments, and the enumeration of the many good qualities of the candidates in question—shining virtues which even the advocates themselves, as they were obliged to admit, had been "quite surprised" to discover the resulting votes were cast more deliberately than might otherwise have been the case. As soon as the election is over, the full list of officers will be published.

Dr. Speakman on Nerves.

Dr. Speakman spoke to the Freshmen this week about treating the nervous system in a practical way. She first described the nervous system, afterwards emphasizing the following points: Nervous troubles are due to unhealthful, diseased, ungoverned life. It is a mistaken idea that nervous diseases are imaginary; nervous people often get too little sympathy. Whether one's nerves are hereditarily weak or disordered by disease or emotion, they must be controlled by the will or are soon past control. Physicians do not know where to draw the line between nervous affections and insanity. It is safer to stay where there is no question. A good conscience, good habits and good digestion are security. The word nervous is abused. People with untractable nerves are not nervous, but nerveless. Nervous people are full of life and vigor.

Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?

The following list of new positions has been received this week: Alice Butler, student at Wellesley '87-'88, Chauncy Hall, Boston. A. M. Fellows, student at Wellesley '88, Principal of Grammar School, Linden, Mass. Hattie N. Gage, student at Wellesley '86-'88, Public School, Hooksett, N. H. Jennie Gilman, B. A. '88, Flushing, L. I. Florence Hoffman, student at Wellesley '85-'88, Oak Grove, Amherst, Mass. Florence E. Homes, B. S. '86, Preparatory School of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Abbie A. Mattoon, B. A. '87, Koble School, Syracuse, N. Y. Elizabeth B. Peckham, B. A. '88, School of Language, Newport, R. I. Carrie M. Pierce, student at Wellesley '86-'87, Public School, Spencer, Mass. Edith A. True, B. A. '87, Private Tutor, Wellesley, Mass.

We cut the following from a western paper:

"From Canada. The new regime in our secondary education has just begun. The Moulton Ladies' College in Toronto has opened with more than fifty students, and the accommodations for boarders are likely to be overtaxed the first year. It is believed by those who have examined the matter with care that we have a better opportunity of any women's college in the Dominion. . . . Miss Clara L. Andrews, B. S., is a graduate of Wellesley, and is a daughter of Deacon Ezra R. Andrews of Rochester. She comes highly recommended as regards scholarship and force of character and the best things are expected of her."

Born.

In Lowell, September 25, Joseph Shattuck, son of Mrs. Bertha Shattuck Ely. In Newtonville, September 30, son of Mrs. G. Willis Patterson, A. B. Wellesley '80.

Married.

FINNEY—RICE—In Rockville, Indiana, Margaret Dighy Rice, student at Wellesley '82-'85, to Dr. Charles Finney of Attica, Indiana. SCOVILLE—GREENE—In Westerly, R. I., Sept. 6, Susan B. Greene, A. B. Wel. '83, to Rev. A. E. Scoville of Dover Plains, New York. MONTEITH—BROWN—On Wednesday, October 10, in the Church of the Advent, Boston, by the Right Rev. E. S. Thomas, D. D., assisted by the Rev. F. F. Sherman, Miss Ella Florence Brown, student at Wellesley '81-'82, to James Monteth of New York. FILLER—DARLING—At Wauwaton, Wis., Oct. 11, 1888, at the residence of the parents of the bride, by Rev. George Darling, father of the bride, William H. Filler of Warren, Penn., to Catherine Crosby Darling, A. B. Wellesley '83.

Report from the Wellesley Association of New York.

The second annual meeting of the Wellesley Association of New York was held in Rochester at the residence of the Rev. A. J. Barrett. Twenty-six members were present.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, who welcomed the members in fitting words. After the minutes of the last meeting and the various reports had been read, the Corresponding Secretary presented to the Association Miss Shafer's regrets. The matter of assisting in raising the debt of Norumbega was discussed. Miss E. P. Whiting, Chairman of the committee upon methods of work, presented a most excellent report, in which she suggested that the association be resolved into several chapters, each chapter taking as a theme for investigation some one line of thought, study or research. Clubs on Sanitary Science, Japanese and Chinese History, German and the Classics were formed.

The election of officers was as follows: President, Miss Josephine Griffith, '88; Vice President, Miss May Loveless, '88; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Kate Andrews, '86; Recording Secretary, Miss Myra W. e.

After the business meeting had adjourned, the young ladies were invited to the dining-room where a most sumptuous luncheon was awaiting them. Miss Lothrop read a telegram of greeting from Mrs. Palmer. Two toasts were offered, one to Alma Mater by Miss Griffith, the other to the Babies by Mrs. Decker.

Next followed, in the parlors, a musical and literary entertainment, consisting of a paper on College News prepared by Miss Andrews and read by Miss Kate Andrews, a song by Miss Lewis, a paper upon "Education as Related to Manual Training" by Mrs. Leaning, and a recitation by Mrs. Decker.

With the singing of the College song, "To Alma Mater," the company separated to meet again in October, 1889.

LOUISE LEWIS, Rec. Secretary 1887-'88.

OUR OUTLOOK.

In August last, as every one knows, the Supreme Court of Washington Territory pronounced the woman suffrage law of that Territory unconstitutional. We give our space this week to the admirable recapitulation of the matter as stated by Alice Stone Blackwell in *The Woman's Journal*. After reviewing the facts in the fraudulent test case, Miss Blackwell writes as follows:

After the fall elections, a genuine test case can be made, and carried to the U. S. Supreme Court. But in the mean time, the next Territorial Legislature will have been chosen without the women's being able to take part in the election. At the two general elections in which women voted, they questioned the candidates closely as to their views on woman suffrage, and both the Legislatures which the women helped to elect reaffirmed the woman suffrage law by heavy majorities. It became evident to opponents that while women voted, no legislature could be elected that would repeal the woman suffrage law. The women had not cared much about the suffrage before it was given them, but having once had it, and found what they could accomplish by it in the promotion of order and good government, they would never voluntarily give it up. Hence it was necessary to find some other way of disfranchising them than by straightforward repeal; and this has now been done by the connivance of the Territorial Supreme Court. A great effort will be made this fall, while the women are still unable to vote, to elect a Legislature that will repeal the suffrage law. The attempt may very likely be successful. The gambling and liquor interest largely controlled the politics of the Territory until woman suffrage broke their power. They rang bells and lit bonfires when the Supreme Court decided the woman suffrage law unconstitutional the first time; and they will strain every nerve to prevent the obnoxious system from being re-established.

If the United States Supreme Court were sure to sustain the present decision, an appeal to that court would be a trump-card for the opponents of suffrage to play. Such a decision by the highest court in the country would not only confirm the disfranchisement of the Washington Territory women, but would wipe out woman suffrage in Wyoming, and make it impossible of enactment in Dakota, Idaho, or any of the other Territories. The U. S. Supreme Court, moreover, is a highly conservative body, and its members do not believe in woman suffrage. Why, then, it may be asked, do not the opponents in Washington Territory take this opportunity to get a decision in their favor from the highest tribunal, and thus settle the whole question once for all? Because, legally, their case is utterly weak. The decision is condemned as unsound in law, even by lawyers and newspapers that are opposed to woman suffrage. To recapitulate briefly what has often been gone over in these columns: The organic act of the Territory said that at the first election, all white male citizens over twenty-one should vote; and that the Territorial Legislature should have power to say who should vote in all subsequent elections, with the exception that the Legislature must not extend suffrage to any person who was not a citizen of the United States. It is evident, to any candid judgement, that the intention of Congress in this proviso was to exclude aliens, not to exclude women. The United States courts have decided authoritatively that women are citizens; and the fact of their citizenship is not disputed. But the Territorial Supreme Court takes the ground that Congress, when it passed the organic act, had only male citizens in mind, and that "citizen" in the organic act, must therefore be interpreted as "male citizen."

And this in face of the fact that the constitutional right of Territorial legislatures to enfranchise women has always been recognized; that several Territories have given women full suffrage, and several more school suffrage; that women have been voting in Wyoming under a similar law for nearly twenty years; and that when Congress wanted to take away suffrage from the women of Utah, it did so by a special enactment, which would have been wholly needless if the Territorial law giving suffrage to women had been unconstitutional in itself. The United States Supreme judges have a national reputation to sustain: they are not under the influence of the local liquor interest, like the Washington Territory judges; and it is at least doubtful whether their personal prejudices against woman suffrage would be strong enough to lead them to sustain so strained a construction of the law. At all events, the opponents of woman suffrage prefer not to risk it.

The decision that woman suffrage is unconstitutional is already making trouble in Washington Territory in various ways. A number of women have been serving for years as notaries public, as they do in many other parts of the country. The Attorney-General has decided that under this ruling of the court, they cannot legally hold the office. School suffrage, which the women of the Territory have exercised for seventeen years, is pronounced unconstitutional as well as full suffrage, and women are relegated to the political status they held in 1852.

The women of Washington Territory have one element of solid comfort in their disfranchisement. They are suffering "for righteousness sake." Their votes have been taken away from them not because they misconducted themselves at the polls, not because they became "unsexed," stirred up domestic discord, not because the bad women voted and the good women stayed away; but expressly because the good women did vote, and voted for good things. Thus all the disreputable elements of the Territory became united in a solid phalanx against them. Woman suffrage was pronounced unconstitutional the first time on the appeal of a convicted gambler, and the second time on that of a saloon-keeper's wife.

Dana Hall.

On Tuesday, Oct. 9, the Dana Hall School celebrated its annual fall holiday. The glorious October day dreamed of was not realized; yet, nothing daunted by gray clouds and chilling winds, a large party took the proposed pilgrimage to old Concord, whose quiet lanes once echoed with "the shot heard round the world," and whose since peaceful beauty has breathed its spell into the spirit of sage and story-teller. The old battleground, with its noble minute-man, the library rich in historic treasures, the cemetery keeping sacred dust, were all centers of interest. Many a hushed group gathered about the last resting-place of her who helped so many little women. The old mansions of the town were eagerly inquired for and identified. The wayside bushes which glowed in their autumnal dress on the morning ride blushed behind a snowy veil upon the return, while whitening road and fields made memorable the merry ride homeward.

A healthful spirit of enjoyment in all out-of-door life rules at Dana Hall this year. The few sunshiny days have been made the most of and Pegg Hill, Cochituate, Echo Bridge and Boston have already served as objective points for parties of ambitious tramps.

TWO PERIODS.

BY MARY S. CASE, A. B., DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

Among the special students rooming at Stone Hall some years ago, was one whose schedule was so full that she could not easily find time to devote two periods to each lesson. She therefore not only studied till ten o'clock, but rose in the morning when she supposed it to be about half-past five and, after dressing, sat up in the dark until the rising bell rang, fearing that if she lay down she might fall asleep again. As she thus lost much of the sleep that she needed, she was obliged in the evening to rock continually to keep herself awake. Upon being asked whether she could study well in this way, she replied: "No; but I can say that I have spent two periods on my lesson."

The school catechism of such a student would run somewhat as follows: Q. "What is a college?" A. "A place to keep rules." Q. "What are rules for?" A. "To be kept." Q. "What is the faculty of a college?" A. "A rule-making body." Q. "What is the chief desire of the members of the Faculty?" A. "That rules be kept." Q. "What is the chief duty of a student?" A. "To keep rules." Q. "Why?" A. "In order that rules may be kept."

There are many indications that a better spirit is beginning to prevail; yet there is reason to fear that some of our students still attribute a magic virtue to the process of sitting for two periods with an open book before them. Perhaps none of them go so far as the Mt. Holyoke students of thirty or forty years ago who are said to have spent the required time over their lessons by sleeping with their books under their pillows. But is one doing much better in chatting with one's room-mate?

Suppose a student neglects needful exercise in order to give two periods to her lesson. If her purpose is to fulfil all requirements, what of the exercise rules? If it is to convince her teacher that she does what is expected of her, is she honest? If to escape the possibility of having to admit that she has studied but a short time, is she brave? If to do as her teacher wishes, does she think that her teacher really cares more for the two periods than for her health and future scholarship? If to prepare to-day's lesson, does she care nothing for the lessons of next week and next month? And is she certain that the exercise would not better have served her purpose even for to-day?

It is indeed true that in so large and complex a community there necessarily arise certain administrative requirements about which no one can judge but the administrative officers. Because these pertain to the mechanism of college life, they must be met with mechanical accuracy, whether or not the student sees a reason for them. But what is the use of this mechanism? Simply to remove all interference with the free growth of the persons who are assembled here for the sake of development. The student who turns into mechanical rules the suggestions that are meant to guide her into a free mastery of her life, might well argue that because an oar without a joint is necessary for the healthful exercise of rowing, she will derive still more benefit from the same exercise by so hindering up her elbow joints, that her arms shall be as stiff as the oars.

With students as mature and well disciplined as those whom the preparatory schools now send to us year by year, are we not ready to outgrow this unintelligent mode of living? Is it not possible for every one so to live for the ends for which the college was founded that she shall make the rules for herself? Could we not afford even to sacrifice something of the letter of the law for the sake of the spirit of life?

Bypaths.

BY L. H. B., CLASS OF '90.

The weary day, with drooping wings,
Has fled through the western skies;
And the night comes on with a silent haste,
While the mists as silently rise.

Alone in my cosy chamber I sit,
My books at my side piled high;
And I strive to fix my wandering thoughts
On the pages that open lie.

In vain I gaze with a steadfast look,
For memory leads me astray,
And I eagerly follow her roving feet
Through many a sunshiny day.

O'er fresh mown fields roams the scented wind,
And I see, as I idly dream,
The distant hills that slip lazily down
To the banks of the winding stream.

Far down the river again I float
O'er its waters tinged by the west;
Or glide where the surface faintly gleams
'Neath the shades that lie on its breast.

Again I stand on the pine-crowned slope,
And gaze with a quickening heart
On the stretches of meadow and wood and lake,
And the valleys that lie apart.

On Winnepesaukee, gemmed with isles,
Reflecting the cloud-flecked sky,
And the giant hills that beyond it stand
Soft-shadowed, purple and high.

And I think of my great Creator's power,
Of His everlasting love,
Of the "many mansions"—the life with Him—
Of the knowing and seeing above.

Through the tree-tops above me a murmur goes,
Like the sound of the swelling sea,
Till my being is filled with a holy joy
In the thoughts that have come to me.

As the rain on my window beats sharp and cold,
I seem to be watching again
The flickering fire light up with a glow
The face of a teacher of men.

Who sits in the quaint, old-fashioned chair,
His hair silvered o'er by the years,
And speaks from the depths of a well-stored mind
Of our life, its hopes and its fears.

But the wind comes up in a boisterous gust,
With a sudden start, I return
To my own warm room, and the open book,
And the lessons I have to learn.

With a sigh, do you think? Ah no, for I feel
The summer has given to me
New hopes, new ambitions, new objects in life,
New purpose to do and to be.

Though the "road to learning" seem often steep,
There comes to me sometimes a view
Of beautiful landscape, of wave-kissed shore,
And refreshed, I take courage anew.

THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

A Letter From Our Representative.

The Marine biological laboratory, opened at Wood's Holl this summer, is intended to furnish a place where investigators can devote two or three months to the working out of some of the many problems of which biology is so full and thus to contribute to raise the standard of American scientific scholarship.

The expense of each investigator's table is defrayed by some person or institution which thus gains the right to choose the occupant of the table. Through the generosity of one of her friends Wellesley was able to send a representative this year and the person selected was Miss Helen Torrey Harris, a student in the Zoological department '86-'88. The following is an account of her summer.

A stranger to the Marine Biological Laboratory would look with little interest at a two story building fairly blazing with large windows, which stands on the shore of Little Harbor, Wood's Holl, Mass. He might feel a degree of curiosity on beholding the exit from the above mentioned structure of one or more rubber-booted knights armed with dip-nets as their only weapon.

For the initiated, however, the somewhat plain building has a deep significance, due to the joys to be experienced within the walls of that idol of scientific America, the Marine Biological Laboratory, known by the natives of Wood's Holl as the "Summer School," "The College," or "The School." The booted knights, although they must by this discovery appear as men of the present era, acquire a new lustre, for are they not biologists who attack Dame Nature in her seaside home with dread weapons like the microscope, dip-nets, scales, microtomes, and dangerous looking bottles of re-agents, in hope of wresting her secrets from her possession? The new Laboratory which has just finished its first season most successfully, is intended to continue the work begun by Agassiz at Penikese and carried on by the Woman's Educational Association at Annisquam. Scientists all over the country have united to aid it through a series of lectures on natural science which were delivered last winter in Boston by distinguished scholars from the various colleges and universities. The proceeds were devoted to the new building, which in July was ready for use.

The course was designed to accommodate two classes of students, beginners who were to have a systematic course of instruction in the very rich marine fauna to be found in the vicinity and investigators who should spend their time on some one problem, working, so far as possible, independently.

It was proposed that investigators' tables should be occupied by representatives from the colleges, who wished to do original work during the summer. This opening, season investigators from Ann Arbor, Boston Institute of Technology, Mount Holyoke "College and Seminary," Bryn Mawr, Vassar and Wellesley congratulate one another on being first on the scene.

And a very pleasant scene it is. One enters a cheerful large room, whose paucity of wall and profusion of windows mean abundant light and air and make one fear lest the Laboratory should be mistaken for a factory. The numerous large tables are each provided with a fascinating set of drawers for tucking away implements many and varied. A bright microscope, quantities of glass-ware and re-agents further adorn the table, and happy is he who has the good fortune not only to sit at the table and use these treasures, but to have the guidance of Dr. Whitman, the director of the Laboratory. For the table and its attendant glass bottles would be lessened indeed with the careful guide and kind friend who with wonderful wisdom and grace combines rare modesty and unceasing patience.

The Laboratory does not contain aquaria, as does the Fish Commission, for the purpose of amusing and interesting people. The different sea beasts found in our banks are strictly practical, as the scanty beauty of the toad fish and sea robin prohibit their use for aesthetic purposes. But the displays may be called unique. Four square yards covered with squirming sea-cucumbers, or languid star-fish, a lone, wandering, horse-shoe crab pacing the Laboratory floor, or a bank full of pugnacious spider-crabs, these are not every day sights.

Notwithstanding the delightful conditions for study make "going on forever" seem possible, the "Laboratory people," as they were called, had many pleasures which took them out of doors. Collecting material, for instance, was accomplished in so many ways that, in reality, it comprised half a dozen sports.

Skimming takes in the pleasure of rowing, when one's work is over, through phosphorescent waters, or, better still, under a summer moon, with a prospect of medusae, fish-eggs, and ctenophores as prizes. Seining affords unsurpassed opportunities for paddling and wading and a sight of the ludicrous little swell fish who is so affronted at being captured that he puffs himself up till he resembles a small marble. In this condition the poor fellow floats off when released, rejoicing milder-tempered swell fish only after his indignation has subsided.

But one may have the good fortune to sail in the "Grampus" as the guest of the Fish Commissioner, and distance all crafts afloat, or steam away from land in the Government steamer "Fish Hawk" to deep sea collecting grounds. This last day's pleasure will not soon be forgotten, nor the novelty of dredging. What riches the great net brought to light! And how eagerly was the mass of wriggling, flopping, spiny, spattering beasts inspected by biologists in the "Fish Hawk." They could have seized the currency of the deep with no greater haste, had it been silver, instead of sand dollars. It is astonishing, too, what skill one attains in avoiding unnecessary contact with lobster claws, usually somewhat grasping in their nature, and fish spines and teeth and other useful weapons of fish craft. We numbered among our spoils from one deep dredging on the "Fish Hawk," flounders, squid eggs, corals, hake, lobsters, star fishes, bushels of sand dollars and many, many more.

One fails sadly in attempting even to enumerate the joys of a summer at the Laboratory,—walks, talks, drives, new friends, a chance to see old friends, to secure needed help in work, to read the latest scientific news and refer to a good biological library,—all these and many others contribute to the pleasure and benefit of a season at Wood's Holl and make it safe to prophesy success in a larger measure to what is even now a success, a laboratory already the best equipped in the country, with an invaluable director, and hosts of friends to strengthen and enlarge it.

Make yourself nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

There are said to be a million persons now studying Volapük.

FOUR MOONS ABROAD.

From Boston to Liverpool.

BY FLORENCE BIGELOW, A. B. WELLESLEY '84.

On the brightest and hottest of June Saturdays the good ship Pavonia, bound for Liverpool, steamed down Boston harbor just as the golden sunset faded.

The moment of parting was over. The last shower of roses had fallen; and as the dear familiar faces were lost in the crowd upon the wharf and the white glimmer of handkerchiefs grew dim, we turned from the past to the future and began to look for our steamer chairs.

"We" were a party of thirteen "damen." And in order to clear our sex from the imputation of not being able to manage affairs and to free the number thirteen from those unjust superstitions which cloud its reputation, we are moved to give a true and faithful account of our summer;—proving conclusively, to our satisfaction, at least, that thirteen is a most fortunate number and that ladies are unequalled for business arrangements.

We were, as a party, young, handsome and clever, for some were young, and some were handsome, and some were clever. We were also learned, for one was a college professor; and agreeable—at least we found each other so. What more need I say except that Wellesley's stamp was upon us; and that we represented the four most glorious states in the Union,—Iowa, Illinois, New York and Massachusetts, and the Hawaiian Islands?

That night the dining-room was crowded with a goodly company, anticipating the delights of the Old World and rather inclined to overlook the immediate future. After reckless indulgence in the *menu*, steamer shawls and rugs were produced, and we spent the first evening on ship-board in quiet chat or dreamy meditation in the delightful coolness of the deck. But a few hours put a very different face on matters. Six o'clock in the morning found us a sail and wakeful party, and as I laboriously struggled for an hour and a half to get dressed, I resolved to sleep in my boots for the rest of my voyage. "Mornings are such dreadful times," my room-mate declared; and I chokingly agreed.

We finally reached the deck and that good angel, the deck-steward, began his ministrations. He deftly arranged the steamer chairs and wrapped our shawls and rugs about us in the most comfortable and artistic manner. He has achieved perfection in "tucking," and so admirable was his tact in another line that he knew instinctively when to suggest salt herring and ice and never wantonly disturbed our feelings by proposing coffee and mutton chops.

It was Sunday, and ought certainly to have been a day of rest, if rest means doing nothing. We were approaching the Banks, shrouded in their unvarying clouds of rain and fog; and damp and chilly wretchedness settled upon the passengers. Wrapped in my winter coat, a fur cloak, rug and shawl, with a hood and woolen gloves on, and a pillow at my back, I was still cold; and we shuddered at the thought of our Wellesley '88s in muslin, listening to the baccalaureate.

Yesterday's gay tourists were ranged in two long lines on the sheltered side of the deck, the steamer chairs wedged close together, each containing a mummy. Most of these figures wore a look of unmitigated gloom. Many pensively sought the rail, stealing out from under the dripping umbrellas with which we tried to divert the streams from our protecting canvas. For a mist, dense enough to soak our gloves and blister our books, was driving in and pouring down, in condensed form, upon our feet, through the buttonholes of the awning. Those who were able to think of such trivialities tried to move into drier, more sheltered quarters; but most of us, with pale faces and tight-closed lips, bailed these minor miseries as pleasant diversions from the importunate attacks of the prevailing malady. The foghorn, with its business-like interrogative, interrupted all conversation for five seconds out of every fifty-five. But people were not socially inclined.

Even the dinner-bell failed to produce any general movement, and we lingered on deck till ten o'clock, as if the darkness and damp had been the most romantic of delights. But the port-holes were closed, and how could we spend more than ten hours in those tiny staterooms?

The next morning introduced a week of sunny, comfortable days in which ship life became endurable and even agreeable. We were glad then that there had been one rain, it was so much less monotonous for our journals. In these we entered each day,—i. e. unless we forgot to,—the distance made, together with the latitude and longitude at noon.

Our daily course began with an early tramp for exercise, before people were in their chairs. This was followed after breakfast by some of those innocent games which are supposed to divert the mind at sea. The autocrat of the vessel himself set the example, and "doctor, lawyer, merchant chief," followed heartily, joining the boys and girls in the wild excitement of bean-bag, ring-toss, quoits and shuffle-board.

The people in chairs read, gossiped, slept and watched the sea. We were always sailing along in the middle of a circle; toiled as she might our little steamer could never reach the edge. And day by day that wide expanse of throbbing sea, with the heaving sky above, appealed to us with new meanings and new beauty.

At long intervals we all crowded to the side to see a steamer, first a tiny puff of smoke against the pale clear sky, then as she came up into sight a miniature copy of the little world in which we roiled. She tugged laboriously on, like some hard-working beetle mounting and descending the far away billows with steady persistence, holding her course along the horizon's rim till we had passed and gone our separate ways. Once we were near enough to signal such a stranger and ask by means of flags what weather she had met and if she had seen ice. "Fair, no ice," was the laconic reply. Once also we met a steamer in the evening and signalled her by rockets and colored lights. It gives some idea of the vastness of the ocean to think that during ten days' journey in the direct line of travel of all the thousands of ships on the Atlantic we met less than twenty. Truly Columbus was a brave man! For days we saw no living thing outside our boat except the porpoises, jumping through the water like playful kittens, and the birds. Where did they come from, those grey gulls sweeping in endless spirals on their large, strong wings; and Mother Carey's chickens,—the little stormy petrels,—hovering like black specks over the dull waters? They seemed to sleep on the crest of the waves. Occasionally we met schooners; and one poor Norwegian vessel, a full-rigged ship, bound for Quebec for timber, signalled to ask her longitude. She had probably been lost in a fog, the captain said.

"The captain,"—we reposed as implicit confidence in him as a little child in "my teacher." We placed absolute reliance on all his predictions (they were few), and believed his most extravagant jokes with perfect simplicity. Many a night he spends on the bridge in the cold and storm that we may sleep in calm security below, and his mere presence inspires trust. He treated us to the standard nautical conundrums:—"When is the Pavonia in love?" "When she's attached to a buoy"; "And when is she intensely in love?" "When she lies on the bosom of a swell."

Except in the latter case, she was a remarkably comfortable steamer with very little motion. She carried about six hundred souls this trip, though on the return she brings from a thousand to fifteen hundred. As there were but few steerage passengers, we made a trip through their quarters, down, down into the bowels of the ship, where the strong throbbing of the waves was all about us. In this dark, ill-ventilated place were two dormitories, one for men and one for women, with small rough state-rooms, divided off around the walls, into which six or eight bring their

The Christian Association of Wellesley College.

BY EMILIE DE ROCHEMONT, CLASS OF '89.

The Christian Association of Wellesley College held its first meeting in the College Chapel, October 8th, 1884. The Association was formed for the purpose of promoting Christian fellowship, as a means of individual growth in character, and of securing, by the union of the various societies already existing, a more systematic arrangement of the work to be done in College, by officers and students, for the cause of Christ.

The idea of such an Association, which should not only bring into unity and sympathy all Christian workers in the College, but also develop an inter-collegiate interest in such work, was first suggested by Mr. Wishard, the Secretary of the College Christian Association, who visited Wellesley in February, 1884, and spoke in the College Chapel on the subject which he represented. He stated that since the first attempt at organization, seven years before, two hundred colleges had banded together in this movement, with a view to helping each other, by means of correspondence, publications, visitations and conventions. The object of such an Association, as stated by Mr. Wishard, was to have the work previously done by separate organizations, carried on within the Christian Association by means of various committees. The work includes Bible-study (in colleges where that is not already arranged), devotional meetings, individual work, and the development of missionary interest.

Such was the interest awakened that toward the close of the collegiate year '83-'84 a proposal for the formation of such an Association was brought before the Faculty, and a Constitution, drawn up by a committee appointed for that purpose, was discussed at length. The various organizations for Christian work in the College were formally disbanded, as an initial step toward the formation of the new Association. The question, however, remained open till the beginning of the year '84-'85, when, at the meeting of October 8th, it was voted unanimously to form such an Association. The Constitution previously proposed was then voted upon, article by article, and adopted with very little change. A Nominating Committee to choose candidates for the several offices was then appointed and the meeting adjourned. At the next meeting officers were elected for one year. Professor Stratton was chosen President. Three hundred and seventy signed the Constitution as charter members.

Membership in the Association is open to all officers and students of the College. Any one who wishes to become a member must indicate her wish to the Chairman of the Reception Committee and, after being accepted by the Board of Directors and having received a majority vote of the members present at a business meeting, must publicly assent to the pledge and sign the Constitution. Once each month the regular Thursday evening prayer meeting gives place to the business meeting of the Christian Association, at which opportunity is given for new members to unite with the Association, granting their assent to the pledge by standing while it is read.

The work is divided among various committees whose duties are defined in the Constitution. As the membership is large and ever increasing, an effort is made to divide the work so that as many as possible may have a share in it. All Standing Committees must be composed of one member from the Faculty, one from each of the College classes and one from the Special Students. Frequent reports of the work in detail are given by the different committees and, once a year, these reports are gathered together and read, that all may gain a general idea of the work.

It is the duty of the Missionary Committee to provide for monthly meetings in the interest of either home or foreign missions and to devise means for raising funds for missionary work, to be expended under the direction of the Association. The Association has assumed each year the support of a missionary in the home and one in the foreign field—Miss Chandler, A. B. Wellesley '79, in the Madura Mission, India, and Miss Jones, A. B. Wellesley '84, and Miss Buck, student at Wellesley '84-'86, each for two years in Utah. The salaries of these missionaries are paid from the voluntary contributions of members of the College, subscribed by means of pledge cards and given by the weekly envelope system; also from the annual tax. It is impossible to give, in a limited space, any detailed account of the work of this and the other committees. Two objects have been held constantly in view (as stated by the Chairman of the Missionary Committee for '85-'86): first, to present to the members of the Association some view of the work which ought to be done in the different departments of Missions; second, to see that the Association does its share in carrying on these different lines of work. The first end was attained through the Missionary concerts, given once a month, on Sunday evenings, at which missionaries of long experience and from every field have been heard. Letters from the College missionaries have been listened to with much interest. The second end was reached through the active work of the Association in many directions. The Association has paid each year the rent of the Mothers' Room in the McAll Mission, Paris, and in virtue of this has been given two life memberships in the American McAll Association. Each year a Christmas box has been sent to Miss Chandler for her school. A double room in the new building of the Y. W. C. A. of Boston has been furnished by the Association. Besides these, generous sums have been contributed to Southern and Western mission schools for Negroes and Indians, and for city missionary work. Delegates are appointed by the committee to attend the meetings of Missionary Boards, for the sake of gaining a clearer insight into the progress and needs of mission work.

The Committee on General Religious Work has charge of such work as may be carried on in the neighborhood of the College and has included in its field South Natick, South Framingham, Charles River Village and Dedham. The work in South Natick has been mainly in connection with the Young Woman's Society there. Every Saturday evening has been devoted to the instruction and entertainment of the factory girls. The time has been spent in the study of English authors, reading, recitations and music. Elementary talks have been given on popular science topics, history and travel. In the second year of work there the Committee was enabled to purchase a piano for use at the meetings, from the contributions of South Natick people and money raised by an entertainment at the College. Open meetings have been held from time to time to create a more general interest in the work. Many of the College officers and students have assisted in the entertainments. The meetings, on the whole, have been well attended and the results encouraging. In the third year of this work, many of the older girls left the club, going out of town on account of the closing of the mill. Their places were filled by much younger girls and it seemed wise to change the character of the meetings. Accordingly very little of entertainment was provided and the girls themselves were encouraged to take part in the exercises; thus a more genuine interest was aroused.

The work in Charles River Village has been in support of the Sunday school. Teachers have been provided, at all times for two classes, and sometimes for three, the same young ladies going nearly every Sunday for a year or more. The attendance upon classes has been regular, and there has been some growth in numbers in the Sunday school. The Committee of last year reports that the results of the work more than pay for the effort put forth.

The work at South Framingham and Dedham has consisted of entertainments, accompanied by gifts of cards and flowers, given on Thanksgiving Day. Three such entertainments have been given to the women in the Reformatory Prison at South Framingham, and one to the women in the Home for Discharged Prisoners at Dedham. Each Spring, also, flowers have been sent to the prisoners.

The Temperance Committee has confined its work to Wellesley College and vicinity. Two meetings, at least, have been held each year, (as the Constitution provides) in the College. At these meetings addresses have been given by noted speakers and writers in the Temperance Cause, among them Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Ellen Foster and Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant. The work in the vicinity of the College has been at South Natick, Charles River Village and Dover. Illustrated talks have been given by different members of the College, showing the effect of alcohol on the system. The subjects of Alcohol as a Medicine, Alcohol and Social Degeneracy, Juvenile Temperance Work and others have been discussed. Good temperance stories and addresses have been read. This Committee has assisted in furnishing music for the Sunday evening meetings in South Natick, and has taken charge of a monthly meeting of the South Natick Club. The circulation of the Temperance Pledge has formed a part of its work. During the last year, one Monday evening was devoted to the discussion of temperance problems. All were invited to the Chapel, where a paper was read, entitled: "The Effect of Alcohol Upon Physical Life." This was followed by a debate on the question: "Resolved: That Constitutional Prohibition is Preferable to Local Option as a Method of Legislation Against the Evils of the Liquor Traffic." A vote on the merits of the question resulted by a slight majority in favor of prohibition.

It is the duty of the Devotional Committee to take charge of both the Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon meetings, and seek to promote their interest and helpfulness. Printed cards announcing the subjects for Thursday evening are furnished at the beginning of each semester. These meetings are led usually by College officers, occasionally by friends from outside, among whom, during the last year, were Dr. McKenzie of Cambridge, Mr. Knox of Japan, Dr. Abbott of New York, Prof. Drummond of Glasgow University, and Dr. Brooks of Boston. The Sunday afternoon meetings are conducted by students, and on Communion Sunday give place to the ten o'clock preparatory service. This Committee also provides for services during the Lenten season and Week of Prayer.

The work of the Reception Committee comes chiefly at the beginning of each year. It is the intention of this Committee to reach every new student, acquaint her with the purpose and work of the Association and invite her to join in it. A copy of the Constitution is given to each. Former student who have not already joined are asked to do so.

At the close of the year '86-'87 a committee was appointed to act under the advice of the Massachusetts Indian Association, whose plan of work they adopted: first, to spread information and so awaken interest in the Indians; second, to assist in educating the Indians. For the latter purpose contributions have been made to the school at Sisseton, Dakota; also to the Rosebud Mission, Dakota, through sale of shares. Members of the committee have attended the meetings of the Massachusetts Indian Association, whose reports and periodicals it receives.

This completes, in the main, the work of the several Committees. Though the Christian Association of Wellesley College has been in existence only four years, already its influence is felt in almost every direction. Missionaries have gone from the College, not only to the West and South of our own country, but also to India, China, Japan and other distant fields. But its influence, as all know, has been within as well as without the College, a source of constant help and inspiration, making the Wellesley life ever more good and true.

A RAY FROM THE STREET LAMP.

BY MARY FITCH, CLASS OF '90.

My position is such that I can shed light on many interesting events—it is, in fact, on Washington street, near The Eliot, opposite Blossom street. Hitherto I have been silent concerning the nightly scenes which I have witnessed, for I believe firmly that it is unwise to tell all one sees and hears.

But I was so much entertained on the evening of Saturday, Sept. 22, that I feel a burning within my frame to enlighten those outside of my immediate vicinity as to the festive event which then took place.

It was a dark, cloudy evening and The Eliot seemed to be in a state of doubt. I caught glimpses of hands thrust out from under the piazza roof, and heard whispers of "Yes, it's sprinkling." "Well, we might as well give it up; the Doctor would never get over it if we stood out in the rain and sog to her."

Nevertheless, about nine o'clock a company of moderately quiet girls stole around the east corner of the house, and grouped themselves not far from me around a little, insignificant, umbrella-protected brass lamp. After an interesting prelude of "Hum-m-m—Is that too low?" "No." "All ready." "Now!" The strains of the time-honored "I see my love at the window" rang out full and clear. "Oh, there she is at the window," sang the sopranos, and "Look! Look!" continued the altos in sharp staccato, as at one of the windows on the first floor appeared the cheery faces of Dr. Barker and her mother. After a short pause the ancient tune of "Dear Evelina" floated out on the misty night bearing the words:—

"Oh, Dr. Barker! dear Dr. Barker!

We would a welcome to you sweetly sing.

You and your mother no doubt we shall bother,

But not with intention, oh, that's a sure thing.

"You have a great heart, for each one a small part:

'Twill banish our trials at dawn of each day.

We'll try to be true, dear, to The Eliot and you, dear,

And improve by your influence, we've all come to say.

"Oh, Dr. Barker! dear Dr. Barker!

We bid you welcome to all there is here.

We hope 'twill be a pleasure for you our needs to measure,

So the days may pass gayly the whole of the year."

Another pause; and to the notes of "There is a tavern in a town," the good-night song was sung.

"There is a cottage in a town, in a town,

And there our dear love sits her down, sits her down,

With kindly words and greetings sweet.

In room so dainty, gay and neat.

"She's left her home so far away, far away.

And come to Eliot Hall to stay, Hall to stay.

We welcome with a rousing cheer

Our Doctor and her mother dear.

"Oh, ring the bells both far and near, far and near,

That all the glad good news may hear, news may hear,

And now, until the morning bright,

We'll leave thee, dear. Good-night, good-night.

REFRAIN:—"Fare thee well, for we must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
But remember that to-morrow we will meet again.
Good-night, good-night, dear one, good-night, good-night, good-night,
For now must flee each Eliotite, Eliotite.
We'll hie us to our mantel beds,
And lay to rest our happy heads."

Naturally I thought to see the serenaders return by the way in which they had come, but in direct opposition to the intention expressed in the last two lines of the song, they turned their footsteps diagonally across the

street, and I soon found a double musical feast was my portion that night.

After much confused discussion, these words came back to me across the street. I withhold the name of the one addressed in the song, for most excellent reasons.

"Miss Blank, Miss Blank, high—a!

We've come to-night to say,

To cakes and pies and orange ice

We're very sure you know the way.

They're over at Eliot Hall,

Whenever you choose to call;

But if you're ill, a delegate will

Administer tost and a pill.

"Miss Blank, Miss Blank, high—a!"

Just over across the way,

For your sweet sake the baker will bake

A bouncing loaf of chocolate cake.

The coffee is steaming-hot,

The meat right out of the pot,

You know we will send in no bill.

So come and eat your fill."

[Let me remark, in confidence, that I know from personal observation that the invitation was accepted with eagerness as soon as possible, much to the diminution of the "bouncing" qualities of the loaf of chocolate cake.]

Now I must tell you what some one unfolded and read in the light of my presence the other evening, and which I could not help reading too. I heard it whispered that it came from the little mother in the house near by.

"Last Saturday evening the young ladies of The Eliot gave a fine serenade to the old, new Doctor and her mother who have come to reside with them. These felt highly honored by the delicate and kindly attention, especially the 'ancient mariner' who has drifted into this pleasant port and been so graciously received.

The only fitting recognition they could give in return for this unique and unexpected compliment, was to bring forth the 'Chautauqui lilies' to bloom upon those farer Wellesley lilies that lighted up the darkness and gloom of the night with their lightsomeness and music."

"The Eliot, Sept. 24, 1888."

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

EDITED BY ALICE A. STEVENS, '91.

The fall term of Harvard College began September 27 with a Freshman class of about 300 members. The additions to the Agassiz and Peabody Museums have progressed rapidly, as has also the work on Hastings' Hall, the new dormitory.

There are a number of changes among the instructors. Professors Gibbs, Lovering and Laughlin have resigned; Messrs. Gray and F. C. Huntington fill the place left vacant by Professor Laughlin; Mr. Babbitt will take Mr. Hochdorfer's place; Professors Foy and Smith have returned to the classical department, from which Drs. Fowler and Richardson have resigned; Messrs. Kittredge, Baker and Thayer replace Messrs. Cummings and Nutt; Dr. Ward assists in the philosophy department during the temporary absence of Professor Palmer; Professor Bocher is abroad and Messrs. Cole, Ayer and Thaxter have resigned; Dr. Gross and Messrs. Bendelari and Schofield have been appointed to fill the vacancies caused by the deaths of Professors Gurney and Young. The resignation of Dr. E. L. Hale from the Board of Preachers to the University has been filled and the number extended by the appointment of Rev. Wm. Lawrence of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, and Rev. T. C. Williams of All Souls' Church, New York. Both are graduates of the Harvard Divinity School, of the classes of '71 and '76 respectively. The position of bursar has been filled by the appointment of Mr. C. F. Mason in place of Mr. A. Danforth, who has resigned. Mr. Robert Cameron of Kew, England, has been appointed foreman of the Botanic Gardens, where he has already taken charge.

The Freshman class entering Yale this fall numbered 337. In the academic department 119 answered to the roll-call, and in the scientific department 119. The classes in both departments are the largest ever entered, the academic showing a gain of ten and the scientific of twenty-five. No changes of importance in the curriculum are to be recorded. The old laboratory has altogether disappeared, and work upon the new library has been so vigorously pushed that it is nearly completed. The building will cost \$125,000, and is the gift of Samuel B. Chittenden of New York City.

The opening exercises of Princeton, held Sept. 12, were conducted by its new President, Dr. Francis Landey Patton. The new Biological Laboratory, a memorial gift of the class of '77, is completed and the new art building will be finished in December. The foundations for two other new buildings are to be laid this fall. Mr. Henry B. Fine, associate professor of Mathematics at Princeton College, and Miss Lena Faber, were married at Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 6. Mr. Malcolm C. McNeill, associate professor of Astronomy at Princeton College, has been called to take the chair of Mathematics and Astronomy at Lake Forest University. Prof. Andrew Armstrong, associate professor of History at Princeton College, has been called to the chair of Philosophy at Wesleyan College. (Ethelbert C. Warfield, Princeton '82, has accepted the presidency of Wiamie University.)

Cornell University opened on Sept. 25. The entering class of 407 is the largest in the history of the College. Professor E. B. Andrews of Brown University will take the chair of political economy and finance. Professor H. S. White has already assumed the position of dean. Dr. W. T. Hewitt, who was absent in Europe last year, resumed his position as Professor of German. James Law, professor of veterinary medicine and surgery, absent last year in the service of the Government for the suppression of the cattle plague, returns. In the agricultural department Professor L. H. Bailey of Michigan has been appointed to the professorship of horticulture. The new building for the department of civil engineering, standing on the east side of the campus, has reached the top of the first story. The foundation of the new library building, for which Henry W. Sage recently advanced \$225,000, has just been set. The building is to be completed fire proof, and capable of accommodating 450,000 volumes. The rush was a most exciting one and was won by the new-fledged Freshmen.

The course in journalism at Cornell opens very prosperously. Scores of students are taught the beginners' manual, and the college paper is flourishing. There is no doubt about the popularity of the course.

Notwithstanding the abolishment of the preparatory department at Vassar there is an increase in the number of students. The entering class of 70 members is larger than it has been for fourteen years, an increased number of students from New England being noticed.

Dartmouth began Sept. 6th the one hundred and twentieth year of its existence.

Amherst has 361 students this year, the largest attendance in the history of the college.

Wesleyan University opens with 216 students this fall, a gain of 26 on last year. Her Freshmen class numbers 70 members.

THE LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE.

BY JENNIE A. CAHLE, SPECIAL STUDENT.

The sixth annual meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian was held at Lake Mohonk, New York, on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26-7.

The principal address was that of Dr. Lyman Abbott on Indian Education. He said that much had been done toward the education of individual Indians and something toward the education of single tribes, but no plan had been agreed upon for the education of the Indian race, for converting them from groups of tramps, beggars, thieves and sometimes robbers and murderers, into communities of intelligent, industrious and self-supporting citizens. The United States government must undertake to provide this education, to assume the work of equipping for civilized industry and intelligent citizenship the entire mass of Indian youth. The education thus to be afforded must not merely be offered as a gift, but must be made compulsory. If the government were at once to assume the entire work of educating the Indian children, the churches, released from a burden which never ought to have been laid upon them, could bend their energies to the work of the higher ethical and spiritual culture of the Indians and to the establishment of normal schools, where Indian teachers might be prepared to become the educators of their own people. The President should be empowered to appoint a non-political commission who shall be authorized to organize and direct a new educational system. The schools should teach the Indian child, first of all, the English language. They should also teach him as much of arithmetic, of science and of the industrial arts as will enable him to enter upon the struggle of American life with at least a fair chance of tolerable success.

Before adjournment, the convention adopted a platform favoring measures substantially equivalent to those recommended by Dr. Abbott. Resolutions were also adopted urging the Indian Bureau to permit Indians desiring to do so, to receive farming utensils and other tools in place of the customary allowance of rations; and approving of continued Government aid for the present, to the mission schools.

Musical Notes.

The School of Music appears to be much larger in its membership than at any previous time. While this increase is evidence of its growing popularity, the director and teachers are still more encouraged by a higher average of talent and enthusiasm among the students.

The first College concert of this season will be given in the Chapel on Monday evening, the 22d, at 7.30 o'clock, by Prof. George E. Whiting, the noted Boston organist, assisted by Mr. Charles E. Tinney, baritone soloist, late of England.

The Beethoven Society is well organized and rehearsals have already begun. Although perhaps a trifle smaller than last season, owing to the inability of some to find the time to attend, it is expected the difference will be more than made up in the quality of the new voices and the zeal shown for this delightful work.

The Boston Symphony concerts, which are looked forward to every year with an increasing interest by our students and faculty, began last Saturday evening. The striking features were a new Suite by Tschalkowsky and the Leonore Symphony by Raff, both of which received an admirable interpretation at the hands of Mr. Gericke. The soloist was Mme. Moran-Wyman, who possesses a fine contralto voice.

DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.

EDITED BY MARION A. ELY, '88.

Sun, dear Sun, come back to stay.
Our hearts are heavy and drear.
Professor Sun, are you gone away
On your Sabbatical Year?

UNDER THE effect of Monday's sunshine the Class of '90 brightened visibly. They began to hope that the rain might cease before their Junior Promenade.

SAMPER CRESCENS! Our College progresses! The Eating-Between-Meals law has been repealed! Oh, '88! the walls of old Room C did not echo your eloquence for naught. And what is the effect? Since announcing the repeal, our President must have observed the unusual dignity of the students. The Doctor could not fail to notice brighter eyes and rosier complexions, and Professor Carrier must rejoice that the College sternum is raised to a height sufficient to bear the added responsibility. To be sure it is stipulated that eatables shall not be kept in the rooms. We are sure that all must realize the good sense of this regulation, whether pleased or not to see the other day suspended from one window a large basket. It was held by a stout rope.

There is one of our number to whom the new regime will be a very great relief. At the end of last term she went to pay her College bills and thinking she had settled her accounts, was about to depart when he kindly cashier said, "Fifteen cents for your spread, if you please."

The girl blushed. She trembled and finally faltered, "Why, Mrs. Ransom! How did you know I had given a spread?"

ON THE TRIP to Concord last Monday, it was instructive to notice how the noble steed driven by our Acting Professor of History defied the dogma that action and re-action are equal. When an impetus was received from without, he merely shook his ears. The lash was applied. He wagged his left ear. A locomotive thundered upon him. He wagged his right ear. He heard a member of the Faculty pronounce him a wag, whereupon he assented with both ears. Instead of addressing him in the words of Maria to Malvolio, "Go shake your ears!" the Faculty appealed to him in this wise: "Tchek! Tchek! Get up! Get up! Tchek! Tchek!" So constantly was this repeated that hereafter, if any student recites her history too slowly, she need not be surprised to hear a gentle prompting from the desk: "Tchek! Tchek! Get up! Get up! Tchek! Tchek!"

WE WILL NOT tell their names, nor is the COURANT, for all its four pages, spacious enough to contain the list of their virtues; but one was mother, and one was daughter, and this is what they said:

"The town is all alive with girls," exclaimed the mother, as she stood by her window on the opening day of the College term and watched the lasses, lasses everywhere, streaming up and down the sidewalks. "It makes the world look like a floating show."

The younger lady roused herself from her wise reflections, which would be all Greek to us, and came and stood beside the window too. "A floating show!" she echoed quietly. "It looks to me more like a floating she."

THE STUDENTS of Zoology have been asked to observe when the blue birds leave us. Do you know? If so, tell some one else; if not, find out.

IT WAS a Wellesley tourist of years and dignity, wearing spectacles and carrying in her hand a red-bound guide book, in her shawl-strap a volume of John Burroughs. She cherished the fond hope that she might, while in Great Britain, hear a lark, possibly, also, a nightingale. Whenever, therefore, a new bird-note struck her ear, she inquired of the carriage driver, "What bird may that be?" and the man would reply, "That, madam, is a thrush," or, "A thrush, ma'am, that is."

At length one day—it was at Ayr and under the shadow of the Burn's monument, within a stone's throw of the bridge where

"Meg brought off her master hale,

But left behind her ain gray tail,"

the tourist heard a strange wild cry which seemed to come from the shrubbery just over the wall of the enclosure. "I beg your pardon," she said blandly to the policeman who was marching solemnly to and fro, "But will you tell me what bird that is?"

"Bird, ma'am! That!" and a smile stole across the grave features of Her Majesty's officer. "That ain't a bird, bless you. That's a pig."

IT IS RELATED that during the summer a Harvard student chanced to be riding on the B. & A. road and to make the acquaintance of a lady, fascinating, beautiful and, as he thought, youthful. He was familiar with Wellesley and, as she asked him to point it out to her, he took her out on the platform and showed her the picket fence. As she evinced much interest he asked insinuatingly, with an eye to future invitations, no doubt, "Are you expecting to enter the College this fall?" "No, but my daughter is," came the paralyzing reply.

SCENE: Dining room. Time: Monday, 6 p. m.

Kind Teacher (smiling across the table upon Freshman from the West) "So you have been spending the day in Boston? And what did you think of the Hub?"

Freshman (opening her young eyes innocently)

"What hub? I didn't see any."

WHY HAS OUR College weather thus far been like the fifteenth King of Israel? Because each reigned for one month.

This conundrum has been lying over a fortnight or so for lack of space. Now find us a King of Israel who reigned six weeks.

TO A THISTLE.

BY MARY RUSSELL BARTLETT, A. B. WELLESLEY '79.

Sentinel among the flowers

Through the sleepy summer hours,

Long ago detailed to stand

On the hilly pasture-land,

Thou hast been passed by too long,—

Thou art worthy of a song.

Sharp thy weapons are to wound

Aught that shall invade thy ground;

Yet the wisely-guided bee

Motives hath for seeking thee;

I his secret will espy;

What the bees love, that love I.

I will wait till he takes wings;

I shall fear no other stings,

Shrink not though thou stand'st erect,

In thy soldier garb bedecked;

Heart of sweets, so sternly guarded,

Thy besieger is rewarded.

Thou art not a warrior single

But a fortress wherein mingle

Many lives in one life blended,

Thousand beauties, well defended,

In thy blossom-castle throng.

Thou art tenfold worth a song.

And though I am no musician,

And thou art no flower patrician,

I have skill, as thou shalt see,

To work a miracle on thee.

Fit thee, thus, for long days

And, for scoring, win thee praise.

I cleave thy barriers round about,

Steal thy silken forests out,

And with caressing warmth beguiled,

Thou'rt soft as cheek of little child,—

Pure as little child's first dream,

A perfect sphere of snow and cream.

Would that thus my hand might free

Some soul that's hid away like thee,

Break some sleeping beauty's trance

Behind the hedge of circumstance,

And see, beneath love's favoring heat,

The inner life round forth complete!

—The Cottage Hearth, July, 1887.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

EDITED BY ANGIE PECK, '90.

THE REQUEST has been made that the COURANT would furnish a brief summary of the news of the week outside the College world. The COURANT exists for service and is as glad to comply with this request as it will be to entertain others. And yet this giddy planet of our present residence spins about so fast and turns to the sun so many curious sights in the course of seven times twenty-four hours, that even the editors of the COURANT would scarcely advise a Wellesley student to rely entirely upon this little sheet for information concerning the events of the two hemispheres. But we will do what we can.

Oct. 9th.—Reports of serious damage done by the recent gale in Japan. Snow storms in New England and Canada.

Cholera has made its appearance in the Philippine Islands. Reports of a maritime alliance between England and Italy against France.

Strike of 1700 street car employees in Chicago. Father Schleyer, the inventor of Volapuk, is dead.

Anderson's History substituted for Swinton's in the Boston schools.

Oct. 10th.—Emperor William, Emperor Francis Joseph, the King of Saxony, the Regent of Bavaria, and the Duke of Tuscany met at Murzschlag.

Accident on the Lehigh valley R. R. at Mud Run, near Penn Haven, Pa. No. killed 61, injured 40.

Great prairie fire in Dakota. Jacksonville,—new cases, 63; deaths, 3.

Oct. 11th.—Emperor William welcomed at Rome by King Humbert. President Carnot returned to Paris.

Dynamite cartridges placed on the street car tracks by striking employees in Chicago. Jacksonville,—new cases, 47; deaths, 2.

Oct. 12th.—The Emperor received by the Pope at Rome. Sixty-two Indian chiefs arrived in Washington to confer in regard to opening the Dakota reservation.

Arguments in cases prepared to test the Chinese exclusion act were begun in the U. S. Circuit Court.

The President vetoed two Bills. Jacksonville,—new cases, 66; deaths, 4.

Oct. 13th.—Cremation condemned by the Congregation of the Holy Office. The Pope emphasizes to the Emperor the necessity of a restoration of his temporal power.

Jacksonville,—new cases, 31; deaths, 3.

Oct. 14th.—Another disastrous flood in China, 10,000 drowned. Negotiations are under way to settle the trouble with the natives at Zanzibar.

Chicago strike said to be at an end. Great fire at Glasgow, loss £100,000.

Oct. 15th.—40,000 copies of Dr. Mackenzie's book have been seized by the police of Leipzig.

Paris.—M. Floquet introduced a Bill for the revision of the constitution and received a vote of confidence.

Sioux Indians held a conference with the Secretary of the Interior at Washington.

Further dissatisfaction among the Chicago strikers. The Chinese exclusion bill sustained by the decision of the U. S. Circuit Court.

Jacksonville,—new cases, 25; deaths, 3.

Lawn Tennis.

The annual tennis tournament began on Wednesday, Oct. 10, notwithstanding the doubtful state of the weather the previous day. By this time the October snowstorm has been thoroughly discussed, but we venture to say that it brought no greater consternation to any hearts than to those of the tennis champions. Just here we venture to ask for the sympathy of the general public in our past trials with the weather of New England and to beg it to lay all playing which does not come up to the average to our inability to keep in practice. It is too early in the course of the tournament to make any statement with regard to the success of the various players, but we take this occasion to thank all those who have entered both in singles and doubles. Below we give the list of players, and while we are glad that it numbers as many as it does, we nevertheless wish it contained twice the number.

The Executive Committee promises all those interested in tennis to do their best to make the tournament as interesting and exciting as possible, and we hope all such will manifest their interest in it, not only by lending us the support of their presence, but by voluntary offers of assistance in the way of shacking and unspiring, or by cheerful acquiescence in demands of like nature.

At a later date we shall hope to publish the progress and result of the tournament.

Doubles: Pearsons and Thayer; champions, Emerson and McFarland; Barker and Fine; Weaver and Fishel; Morrill and Morrill; K. Morse and M. L. Godfrey; Work and Henderson; Clement and Bailey; Holden and Woods; Coburn and J. Thayer.

Singles: E. Thayer, champion; Pearsons, Emerson, McFarland, Fine, Weaver, K. Morse, M. L. Godfrey, Morrill, Morrill, Fishel, A. R. Wilkinson, Holden, Coburn, J. Thayer, E. G. Hoyt, Bailey, Pope, M. Parker, F. Wing, Hardon, Hardy, L. Morgan.

Lawn Tennis—Later.

The first week of our annual college Tournament has passed off most successfully, despite the inclement weather which put a stop to those games which were arranged for Friday and Saturday. The weather on Wednesday was bright, though a trifle too cold for those not actively engaged. The entries for singles numbered twenty-one, and those for doubles, ten. The increase in the number this year is highly gratifying to the officers of the Association and to all interested in Lawn Tennis.

Some excellent tennis playing has been seen during the week, and many of the bouts required three sets for decision.

The game on Wednesday between Misses Pearsons and Pope was won by the former, and that between Misses Fishel and C. Morrill was won by the latter.

Some fine playing was shown on Monday in the games between Misses McFarland and Coburn, both players being in good form and on their mettle.

The following is a summary of the week's play:

SINGLES—FIRST ROUND.

Pearsons vs. L. Pope 4—6, 6—1, 6—1.

L. Morrill vs. Fishel 8—6, 6—3, 6—2.

Hardy vs. Morse 6—4, 4—6, 6—2.

Parker vs. Weaver 6—0, 6—3.

McFarland vs. Coburn 7—5, 4—6, 6—2.

Wilkinson vs. Holden 6—2, 6—3.

Bailey vs. True 6—3, 6—3.

Emerson vs. Hardon 5—7, 6—4, 6—0.

SECOND ROUND.

L. Morrill vs. R. Morrill 7—5, 10—8.

DOUBLES—FIRST ROUND.

Coburn and Thayer vs. Wilkinson and Wing 6—0, 6—4.

College Notes.

The old philosopher, Bacon, says, "Number itself importeth not much in armies where the people are of weak courage," but when it is found that the Freshman class of this year numbers a little army of 192, and that their courage has already stood the severe tests made by an array of examinations, a series of rainy days, very conducive to homesickness and countless vexations caused by over-crowded rooms, it importeth much, we think, for the coming woman. The ranks of the Sophomores have been thinned somewhat, but at present there are 121 members of '91, not including the 23 students in musical and art courses, who expect to take their degrees in '92. The Juniors are proud to answer, in the Physics roll-call, to 103, and the Seniors muster 85 in all. The graduate students are 9 in number, and the fifth year students 7. And last, but never least, come the Specials, of whom there are this year 126. The entire number of students is 665, the largest company Wellesley has yet enrolled. The Faculty numbers 73 at present.

An error has been made in the announcement of the Mediaeval Literature lectures in last week's COURANT. Only twenty-nine lectures will be given in two years, and these will not count toward a degree. R. See.

The History classes had blue skies Monday for their regular autumnal trip to Concord. The rest of us spread out our umbrellas to dry and wished the History classes would go to Concord every day of the week.

The New England Association of College and Preparatory schools held its third annual meeting at the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University, on Friday and Saturday of last week. Representatives of the Wellesley Faculty were in attendance, Fraulein Wenckebach and Mademoiselle See participating in the discussion Friday afternoon on the subject of College entrance requirements in modern language.

A mull in black bear fur was lost last week in Wellesley between the Cheney grounds and Hotel Wellesley. The finder will get two dollars reward if he brings it to room 113, Wellesley College.

RESIDENTS at COLLEGE during the spring term of '87 will like to know that the little lad, Ray Mend, who turned Stone Hall into his play-room and kept teachers and students gloriously busy in finding his lost caps, escorting his bicycle and disentangling his fishing lines, is just now happily recovering from the scarlet fever. Old acquaintances, who picture our small lunk as solacing his convalescence by the painting of innumerable paper-folded boats, are reminded by this suggestion of illness, of the day when his mother, a special student at the College, lay suffering with a severe headache, and Ray, climbing upon the bed and taking a guardian position astride her chest, remarked cheerfully: "Mamma, I'm sorry to see you so near the gates of death."

The entering class of Smith College numbers 153, of whom 128 take the regular course and 25 are special students. The whole number of students in the college is 450.

Beginning with next week copies of the College edition of the COURANT can be obtained at W. H. Flagg's periodical store, Wellesley.

mattresses. Notices in four languages hung on the walls, stating that all who had not been vaccinated must go at once to the ship's surgeon. That gentleman has the pleasant task of examining every one of the steerage and intermediate passengers; as neither the English nor the American government will allow an immigrant to land unvaccinated.

One day we heard that there had been a burial from the ship, before we were up. One of the steerage passengers, a poor fellow ill with consumption, who had started out in the hope of seeing home once more, died by the way. Very early in the morning, amid a little group of his humble fellow voyagers and sea-worn sailors, in the presence of the captain, prayers were read over his wasted body. This tenement of clay, wrapped in sail cloth, lay extended on a plank, and during the reading it was slipped off into the all-concealing sea. The same night a child was born—a tiny British subject, as we sailed under the English flag,—and we brought into port as many souls as we had borne out.

We soon became nautical enough to tell time by bells—eight bells at eight in the morning, at noon, at four in the afternoon, and eight in the evening; one bell at half past eight, two at nine, and so on to twelve o'clock, except in the case of the dog watches which I never understood. Breakfast was served at eight bells and at two, lunch at one bell and at two, dinner at two bells and a late supper at two bells. This was the most social meal of the day. People came drifting in by twos and threes,—the giddy youths and maidens from the "turtle-back" where they had been watching the wake that lay behind us like a silver ribbon; we irrepresible lovers of music reluctantly left some favored (?) spot where we had warbled our entire repertoire of college songs as many times over as we dared; and the elders thankfully exchanged cold moonlight for buttered toast and hot lemonade. The veteran travellers used to order Welch rare-bit and stout; but we never grew reckless to that extent, drawing the line at gingersnaps.

Saturday evening a concert was announced for the benefit of the Liverpool Seaman's Orphan Institution. A large sheet was presented to each of us, illuminated on the front with some architectural design supported by pilules over a tossing sea and overhurling by the English and American flags. These offered this problem and answer:

"Oh, who will aid the sailor's orphan child?

We will whose names are on the other side."

Accordingly "the other side" contained the program and names of the performers. Some of the gentlemen on board who sang finely gave their services, and we aided the "orphan child" ourselves to the extent of rendering among us the Hawaiian national song, a waltz whistle, a piano solo and a glee. One of our most interesting passengers, an English gentleman with endless experiences at the end of his tongue, gave us a scene from the House of Commons, Scotch, Irish and rockney members all in one.

The next day the purser conducted service in the dining-room and many of the sailors were present. They read the responses like men who saw His wonders in the deep, and their reverent voices brought into the hymns an undertone of the winds and waves. Monday night we began to meet sailing vessels and late in the evening we passed the outer lights of the Irish coast. At midnight the Jackal came out from Queenstown harbor and anchored by us; while a motley throng with packs on their backs and handkerchief bundles streamed aboard her in the dull, misty torch-light. The next day we packed and feed everybody, from the baker who furnished ship-candy to the old sailor for whom "two days ashore and twelve months' afloat" was about right. As we passed the chalk cliffs and the lovely green shores drew near, our impatience was uncontrollable. Liverpool harbor at last! There was the Satellite coming to take us over the bar and at nine o'clock we landed in Merrie England.

Selected.

OCTOBER FOR DYING.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

I would not die in May,

When orchards drift with blooms of white, like billows on the deep,
And whispers from the lilac bush across my senses sweep
That 'mid me of a girl I knew when life was always May,
Who filled my nights with starry hopes that faded out by day,
When time is full of wedding days, and nests of robins hum
Till overflows their wicker sides the old familiar hymn.
The window brightens like an eye, the cottage door swings wide,
The boys come homeward one by one, and bring a smiling bride.
The firefly shows her signal-light, the partridge beats his drum,
And all the world gives promise of something sweet to come—
Ah! who would die on such a day?
Ah! who would die in May?

I would not die in June,

When, looking up with faces quaint, the pansies grace the sod,
And, looking down, the willows see their doubles in the flood;
When, blessing God, we breathe again the roses in the air,
And lilies light the fields along with their immortal wear
As once they lit the sermon of the Saviour on the mount,
And glorified the story they evermore recount;
Through pastures blue the flocks of God go trooping one by one,
And turn their golden fleeces round to dry them in the sun,
When, calm as Galilee, the grain is rippling in the wind,
And nothing dying anywhere but something that has sinned—
Ah! who would die in life's own noon?
Ah! who would die in June?

But when October comes,

And poplars drift their leafage down in flakes of gold below,
And beeches burn like twilight fires that used to tell of snow,
And maples bursting into flame set all the hills a-fire,
And Summer, from her evergreens, sees Paradise draw nigher,
A thousand sunsets all at once distil like Hermon's dew,
And linger on the waiting woods, and stain them through and through,
As if all earth had blossomed out, one grand Corinthian flower,
To crown Time's grateful capital for just one gorgeous hour!
They strike their colors to the king of all the stately throng;
He comes in pomp—October! To him all times belong—
The frost is on his sandals, but the flush is on his cheeks;
September's sheaves are in his arms, June voices when he speaks.
The elms lift bravely, like a torch within a wreath hand—
See where they light the monarch on through all the splendid land!
The sun puts on a human look, behind the hazy told,
The mid-year moon or silver is struck anew in gold
In honor of the very day that Moses saw of old,
For in the burning bush that blazed as quenchless as a sword,
The old lieutenant first beheld October and the Lord!
Ah, then, October let it be!
I'll claim my dying day for thee!

DEFENCE OF THE USE OF THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Argument of Henry F. Durant, Esq., in the Eliot School Case, (1889.)

(CONTINUED.)

My first proposition has been that the Christian religion is a part of the law of our ancient Commonwealth.

My second proposition was that true liberty of conscience and true toleration of all forms of belief can exist consistently with that law.

My third proposition is that piety and morality are to be taught as a part of education, and that this is not inconsistent with religious toleration, or entire liberty of conscience.

This is a question which involves a wide range of discussion, much wider than can be entered upon here, where it must be decided as a question of authority, of law and of government, rather than as a question of ethics, or philosophy, or religion.

I am not speaking of private schools, established by any sect, supported for any special object or purpose. I am speaking of those public schools which are established and supported by the government, as great public institutions and charities—institutions for which it is lawful to levy taxes upon the citizen—charities in the true legal meaning of the word, which are recognized as a part of the institutions of the country, and protected and supported by its laws.

If my first proposition is true, that our Government is based upon religion, that Christianity is an acknowledged and recognized part of our law, does it not follow, as of inevitable necessity, that in every school founded by government, religion should be recognized, and piety should be taught? I need not repeat, Sir, that I speak not of any sect, or church, or creed, nor of any form of faith. I speak of those principles of true piety and religion which have existed from the hour when the morning stars sang together—from the hour when God said "let there be light"—piety eternal as the stars, religion pure and holy as the light of Heaven.

One of our most eloquent orators has told me that many years ago he met Mr. Webster in London, and conversed with him upon the future destinies of our country. Mr. Webster spoke despondingly of our future. Have you no hope, sir, in our education? He shook his head sadly, without a reply. Have you no hope then in the religious education of the people? His whole noble face lighted up, as he acknowledged that this was the one bright star, yet shining for his country; and he then expressed his intention of one day laying before his countrymen his long treasured thoughts upon that great subject. How well that promise was kept his countrymen well know. Mr. Webster's great oration upon the "Religious Instruction of the Young" remains to-day the noblest monument to his fame, the truest mirror of his character. Those who remember him only in the heat and dust of political strife, or in his great contest at the bar, know nothing of him at all.

I remember it as one of the fortunate occurrences of my life, that I heard Mr. Webster address the Supreme Court shortly after the death of the Hon. Jeremiah Mason. He spoke with earnest feeling of his early friend, of his deep religious belief, of his awful reverence for the living God; and as he dwelt upon that great theme—as he by way of contrast spoke also of a man without religion, a man whom the Scriptures describe in such terse but terrific language as living "without God in the world"—as he declared the great truth that "religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character," it seemed as if the true great soul of the speaker himself was revealed; as if inspired by his theme, he had for once laid open and displayed the profound mysteries of his own consciousness, of his inner self, and his own lofty and usually inscrutable being. It seemed as if the clouds which enfolded the lofty summits of the mountain had for a moment rolled away, and the lofty peaks were visible, radiant in their serene and sublime majesty, aspiring forever, soaring forever upward towards the everlasting heavens. I believe that in that one moment I obtained more insight into that great nature than years of familiar intercourse would have given. And I believe, too, that his serious and solemn convictions, his highest hopes, his noblest thoughts, are more fully recorded in the great oration of which I have spoken, than in all the rest of his published works.

Will your Honor allow me to detach two or three thoughts from that powerful argument, which are particularly appropriate to the subject of our discussion? He says with great emphasis:—

"I do say, and do insist, that there is no such thing in the history of religion, no such thing in the history of human law, as a charity, a school of instruction for children, from which the Christian religion and Christian teachers are excluded as unsafe and unworthy intruders."

Again he says:—

"This scheme of education is derogatory to Christianity, because it proceeds upon the presumption that the Christian religion is not the only true foundation, or any necessary foundation of morals. The ground taken is, that religion is not necessary to morality; that hence violence may be insured by habit, and that all the virtues may flourish and be safely left to the chance of flourishing, without touching the waters of the living spirit of religious responsibility. With him who thinks thus, what can be the value of the Christian revelation? So the Christian world has not thought; for by the Christian world throughout its broadest extent, it has been held and is held as a fundamental truth, that religion is the only solid basis of morals—and that moral instruction, not resting on this basis, is only a building upon a sand."

I might multiply authorities of wise and learned men upon this question; but it is not necessary. Can it be argued for a moment, that in educating a child, to whom God has given an immortal soul, as well as intellectual faculties, it is the duty of the State to cultivate the one and leave the other in darkness? Above all things, in a republic which exists only, which can be maintained only, by the *virtue* of its citizens—can it be argued that it is the duty of the State to teach everything but these very *virtues* upon which its existence and well being depend? Will it be said that it is the duty of the State to educate its citizens, but that those very virtues which alone are useful to the State itself—"those virtues which tend to secure the blessings of liberty," shall be a sealed book—shall be forbidden forever, banished forever from the schools? If self-preservation is indeed a law of nature, shall not the State be allowed to preserve itself, not by war, not by proscription, not by force, but by instructing its children in piety and morality and pure religion? But I must remember that I cannot discuss this question here, as a question of morality, of philosophy or of religion. I am here only to defend and justify an ancient law of the Commonwealth, which prescribes, in so many words, "that piety, justice, humanity and universal benevolence shall be taught in our public schools."

The principles for which I contend would justify laws far more general and comprehensive than this; and I look for the hour when they will be enacted, but this is the law of to-day; and I believe that no one will be bold enough to deny its obligation or its justice.

This law to which I have referred the Court is but a re-enactment of a more ancient statute; it was sanctioned anew in the revision of our laws, and is now found in Chap. 23, Sect. 7, of our Revised Statutes.

May it please your Honor, we have advanced thus far in the argument, and we find that it is a *positive law, which neither teacher nor scholar can evade, that piety shall be taught in our public schools*, and I turn now to my adversaries, to ask the question that terminates this controversy forever—from what book is *piety* to be taught in a Republic where Christianity is a part of the law of the land? Is it to be taught from Confucius, or from the Vedas and Puranas of the Hindoos? Shall Plato be our instructor in piety, or shall we go back to Zoroaster? No, Sir, there is but one answer that can be given. No skill of the opposing counsel can evade it. And I feel that he will not, and dare not attempt to answer it. What course he may take in his argument I cannot anticipate, but this I know, that he will pass this question by in prudent silence. And yet the whole case turns upon this one question, and it *must* and *will* be answered. No craft of the Jesuit can avoid it. No form of words can conceal it. The answer comes from every lip, Catholic as well as Protestant—it comes from the altar, from the pulpit, and from the statesman's closet—from the street and from the fireside—from the heart of every mother, from the lips of every child. There is but one book from which we dare teach piety, and that book is God's Holy Bible.

It would seem that by slow steps we are somewhat advanced in this our investigation. We have found that all government is based upon religion. That the government of our free republic is based upon the Christian religion, and that it is a part of the law of the land—that in all public education given by the State to its citizens, it is essential that morality, re-

ligion and piety should be taught—we have found this principle to be recognized by our laws and enacted as a positive statute; and the only question remaining is from what book are we to seek this instruction—if that indeed can be called a question which admits of but one answer—which answers itself. And here I might well pause, if this great point is established—for when this is settled all the conclusions follow, of necessity—but there are many points raised, many arguments advanced, which I must attempt to answer.

It will be said, perhaps, we do not object to your use of the Bible—we object only to the common English version of it. I feel constrained to say that I cannot believe this is the true question. Unless I misunderstand wholly a late letter from the Bishop of Boston, if our regulations required the pupils to read the Douay Bible together, to recite the Ten Commandments together, to repeat the Lord's Prayer, or chant the Psalms of David together, even although they were to use the text of the Douay Bible, it would be a "brotherhood in a simulated union of prayer and adoration, which his church expressly forbids"—but this may not be the ground taken by the counsel here, and I will therefore attempt to answer the suggestion that our common version should give place to the Douay Bible. And the first answer is, that as *some* version is to be taken, as the Bible in *some* translation is to be used, as there is a difference of opinion as to which is the best, the question must be decided by that tribunal to which the laws have intrusted the decision. The school committee are by law required to select and decide upon the question of the books to be used, and they have determined this question. The common version is by an express statute to be read daily, and the committee have used and adopted the same version for all other purposes.

I uphold and justify that decision upon many grounds; and I say first to these gentlemen who are so earnest for toleration, who are so fearful of sectarianism, that I object to their Douay Bible because it is avowedly a *sectarian book* written and published with that acknowledged object. Our Saxon Bible never has been, never can be sectarian. It is quite worthy of remark that at this hour it has no express sanction of any sect or of any church. No creed can claim it as peculiarly its own; it is the common property, the common heritage of all. Nay more—it is well known there are more real and essential differences of opinion between the various Protestant sects, as to the correct translation of various important texts, than between the Catholics and the Protestants. But for all that, this version is—with one exception only—accepted by all sects of Christians who speak the English tongue, as a translation sufficiently correct—not for sectarian arguments—not for disputes upon points of doctrine—not for creeds or schisms—but for the common and daily use of Christians, for instruction in piety, in morality, and in that pure religion which is high above sects and doctrines, as the stars are above the earth; and for this very reason—because the Christian sects who differ upon so many points, are with one exception willing to unite upon this version—it is fitting and proper that this should be adopted. It was the English Bible centuries ago. The descendants of Englishmen still cherish it. It has been the American Bible for centuries also. The Catholics who have emigrated found it here when they came, found it here as the people's Bible, found it here in the schools which they came to share with us. These reasons alone should be sufficient, but there are other reasons for the use of our bible which will, I am sure, appeal to the heart and the brain of every foreigner who sends his children to our public schools.

I appeal to their gratitude now, to their sense of honor now, as I would appeal to their generosity, if it were necessary, and ask them if they would wish to come here to share our freedom, to ask our hospitality, to enjoy the liberties,—the free education—the institutions which our father's purchased at such a price, and then take our Bible away? It was to read that Bible in safety that our fathers came to this cold and barren shore—that Bible lay in the narrow cabin of the "May Flower"—it was the only star that shone for the Puritan in that long night of toil and strife and famine, which well nigh ended in despair. It was with hands clasped above that Bible that Washington prayed in his tent, through those seven long years of doubt and distrust, when the "God of Battles" alone sustained him. It has been the household god of the school-room from the infancy of the country. The schools which made us free, which will make worthy and true citizens of your children, have grown up under its influences. And will you take it from us now?

It is difficult to discuss this question calmly. I imagine that feelings which it is best not to express, are aroused in the heart of every American who is told that we must justify or defend the use of our old Saxon Bible. I will not trust myself to express them. I will ask for any reason for rejecting our common familiar version and for substituting another in its place. If this were a fitting time or place, I should be very willing to discuss the comparative merits of the two versions, either as literary productions or as faithful translations. The Douay Bible has its history too, of which I should be very willing to speak if it were proper to do so, but this is not a suitable occasion.

To be continued.

Word From Mrs. Palmer.

(Extract from a private letter written on paper marked with a hand-painted view of the College)

You see I keep blessed Wellesley with me among the glaciers and wind-blown boulders of these mountain tops, where we are spending some days. This hotel is 7195 feet above the sea, with the largest glacier system of the Alps two hours' climb above us, and fine views from all the three windows of our pleasant room, up and down the Rhone valley and the snowy peaks on every side.

Yesterday morning, in the little English church two hundred yards from the hotel, we had the Communion service, and a sermon on the Psalmists' prayer, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Then, after lunch, we climbed to the highest peak of the Eggishorn, nearly 10,000 feet, and found ourselves above every human sight or sound, with four great glaciers winding among the peaks in front and to the right,—one sixteen miles long,—snowy peaks among the clouds on every side, and under us such rocky desolations as I never thought to see,—millions of enormous boulders piled up together, as if a world had been crushed and thrown up here among the everlasting snows. On the highest point a large cross had been set in 1849, and here it lifts its wide arms up to the stars continually, and they do not seem far away! I shall see this cross hereafter when I hear the glorious old hymn,

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

Do not forget in how many places, at strange altars, and under all skies, the dear God hears our prayers for Wellesley, and for you all who are trying to do His will through her, and for her.

Hotel Jungfrau, Eggishorn, September 10th, 1888.

(Extract from private letter written Sept. 11th, at Hotel Jungfrau, on Eggishorn, 7195 feet above the sea.)

"We have had just two months to-day since we sailed, and the summer is over, though we have seen nothing of it. I am clothed now exactly as mid-winter requires at home. We had July in England, where every one was lamenting over the almost constant rain and gloom. However, we did all we planned during the sunny pauses between storms and drizzle. We had delightful visits to the lakes, to Bolton Abbey, Lincoln, Peterborough and Ely Cathedrals, and Cambridge. We were in London a few days, and on the first of August we started for the Rhine. Nearly all the month we spent in Wurtemberg and Bavaria, then came into Switzerland. Two ideal weeks we had in Lucerne, after some drifting about among the lakes and northern mountains, and now we are on the high Alps. I send you a gentian I picked yesterday over 5500 feet up the Eggishorn, with over twenty miles of glaciers spread out before us, and a blue lake lying between them, in which icebergs were floating. This week we go to Zermatt and Chamounix, and the last of the month we shall be in Vevey and about the Lake of Geneva.

In October we go to Venice for a month and possibly more. All the time the lovely world allows us to read we are devoting to German.

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CLARA FRENCH.

BY V. D. S.

Clara French knew but a short life on earth. The twenty-five years during which she walked among us were years rather of preparation than of achievement. With the far-seeing wisdom and power of silence that were hers, she tarried the Lord's leisure, and knew nothing of the restless haste for obvious work that so often maims and warps a life by forcing upon it premature development. And now it would seem that she was called away at the very instant when, with powers assured, with nature firm and true, she was ready to begin the work to which her years of earnest preparation had ended.

Yet to those who know, her short life is not a fragment but a beautiful whole. Looking back through the years, we can see the rough clay shaped till it became the perfect vessel, meet for highest use. Knowing the Master's lips aglow, we can only rejoice that heaven's consummate cup no longer needs the pressure of earth's wheel.

For the work given her to do was the attainment of character. In early girlhood her nature was, even more than is usual in youth, chaotic. Her intellectual record in College was brilliant, but her studies were the slightest of her interests. Too easily clever, it seemed impossible to her to put much effort into the intellectual demands of undergraduate work, and when she learned her lessons was a mystery that her friends never could solve. Her mind, keen, incisive, analytical and clear took then and always more interest in the concrete than in the abstract and devoted itself first and foremost to the study of the actual life around her. Her ardent and over-sensitive spirit took refuge, moreover, in a curious cynicism of manner, and this cynicism, joined with her reputation for great cleverness, made most people in the little College world afraid of her.

Meanwhile the few who, feeling the latent force and beauty of her nature, pressed near to its secrets, were impressed with its undisciplined and tempestuous strength. She entered College intellectually unawakened, swayed by passionate tenacity of restless desire, with a burning intensity that, too often thrown back upon itself, threatened to be self-consuming. Uncontrolled except by surface stoicism, conflicting elements tossed her in the years that followed from phase to phase of experience. But slowly there dawned on her the perception of spiritual beauty, of possible self-conquest, of the high and serene calm of the life of renunciation. Earnestly she clung to the noble words of Carlyle: "A man may do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness," and these words, before the end of her college life, had become the key-note of her nature.

Thus she left Smith College in the spring of '84, a girl of fine but undisciplined powers. She came to Wellesley this Autumn in the calm of symmetrical though early womanhood. So strong a nature swiftly found itself. Three short years sufficed to clarify her noble character and give it the just balance it had lacked. The swift and keen critical faculty retained its old insight, tempered by a new clarity; but the early facility had given place to a scholarly depth and earnestness. The intellectual life was now in conscious and harmonious equipoise with other elements, and thorough and unremitting exertion had given her an unusual equipment of both knowledge and power. The over-analytical subtlety that in the old days too often wasted her life-force in twisted thinkings, was replaced by the broader, clearer vision that saw life steadily and saw it whole, and felt below all surface complexity and confusion, the fundamental simplicity of truth. Always selfless in friendship, her quick and tender sympathy had learned to extend itself from the few to the many. Naturally introspective and analytical, she became before she left us essentially practical; practical, to use her own words, not in the lower sense of prosaic, but in the higher sense of devoted to a worthy and visible end. She had developed a singular definiteness of nature; her powers no longer clashed, but were held in delicate adjustment, ready for instant use. Her sincerity was absolute; it went deeper than word or thought—it was sincerity of attitude. She had worked herself free of all exaggeration or morbidness, and had grown into a quiet and clear perception of the true values of life. Perhaps her most striking trait in later years was her absolute self-control; a control no longer the expression of surface stoicism, but the result of deep inward poise and peace. So great was this control that it produced in her manner and atmosphere a strange stillness, and in the presence of this stillness, restlessness and pain died away. Her nature was serene, with the serenity not of instinct but of conquest, and from her silent strength and cheer there flowed an uplifting power.

Expression grew more and more with her a matter of the deed, not of the word. Less and less did she brood over the insoluble problems, or waste her vitality in the contemplation of abstractions. To the actual needs of those around her she turned her vision. Intensely and sympathetically sensitive to all pain and sin, she had yet an unshaken faith that life can be lived joyously and rightfully, even in this evil world. A fragment of her own will show most clearly her noble attitude. She wrote last winter to a friend in trouble:—

"The condition of the world has not been too much for thoroughly well-poised natures, held in equilibrium by a strong faith. Think of the saints of all times, to whom have come fierce questionings about the relation of the seen and the unseen, before whom have been open the sorrows of the heart of humanity, around whom has lived and sinned and suffered this same old world. They did not shut their eyes to the evil, yet in the midst of it their reason held firm. A sound native endowment and a hearty faith recognize the evil without being overwhelmed by it. We arrogate too much to ourselves, we women of the new order. The burden of the world does not rest upon us; we have gone only a part of the way when we think that it does. We must go farther, and find the eternal Rest and Truth in Whom alone all the perplexed and weary can abide. For us there are our own infinitesimal burdens, for which assurance is given that as our days, so shall our strength be. And if failure seems all that is set us, and the times seem more and more out of joint, then comes the chance to prove the faith that is in us. Faith is the evidence of things not seen. And somewhere is converted into power this high that proved too high, this heroic for earth too hard. Remember, it is

"Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

When we can check the great current of human destiny, and sever the inevitable sequence of cause and effect, sin and penalty, then submission is inaction and not before. Our immediate environment claims our activity, and here indeed inaction is sloth. "Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit."

Thus serene, firm and wise was the faith with which she looked at life, a faith that followed the law of her whole nature, sincere, trustful, absolute, unaided by the semi-factitious help of a vivid imagination, too deep as a rule for words, a pervasive and all-sustaining power. It lay at the foundation of her strong and efficient womanhood. Her life was silent, silent by very force of its intensity and purity, as a clear and steady flame. It was known only to a few; but to them it is a precious possession forever. Hers was no celestial nature, too ethereally frail to endure the

shocks and strains of earthly life. Clearly, unflinchingly she looked out on the actual world and met its problems and its needs with deep and assured wisdom. In her humility she would often say with genuine pain that she had no spiritual perceptions; but of late years this ceased to trouble her. The steady look, the firm voice remain in the memory with which she said: "I am one of the plain, every day people of this world, with only occasional glimpses of another. I hope it may indeed be so

"That earth may gain by one man the more,
And the gain of earth will be heaven's gain too."

It is the gain of Heaven. For us, left behind, what remains? The thought that the noblest qualities of earth are perhaps the noblest qualities for Heaven also; that silent courage, that sensitive poise, that selfless devotion, that practical wisdom, are in truth celestial gifts. And the consciousness that the spiritual and the earthly life are in deepest reality one, since such a soul is so deeply needed there that it cannot be spared to us.

And her work here? We remember the quiet yet joyful earnestness with which, less than a month ago, she said: "I can imagine no life more satisfying than that which I am to live at Wellesley." The life was not to be hers, the work is untouched by her hand.

She has left us comfort. Among her papers are a few lines, copied from one who was himself called away in the beginning of his earthly achievement. We read them, and our hearts grow trustful and the mystery seems less dark, as we rest in the Infinite Wisdom:—

"Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone,
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all,
Near to thee it chanced to fall."

Somewhere in a nook forlorn
Yesterday a babe was born,
He shall do the waiting task,
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers shall be given
Whispered lightly out of heaven."

RESOLUTIONS adopted by the Faculty of Wellesley College on the death of Miss Clara French, Instructor in English Literature:

Resolved, That we recognize the hand of Providence, in the removal of our friend and co-laborer, Miss Clara French, from our number.

Resolved, That in her brief sojourn among us, we were profoundly impressed by her sincerity of character and that energy of purpose whose influence will outlast her connection with the College and inspire her associates to new endeavors in the work entrusted to their hands.

Resolved, That we place upon the College record and forward to her bereaved parents this expression of heart-felt sympathy in our common loss.

Comminue { LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.
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